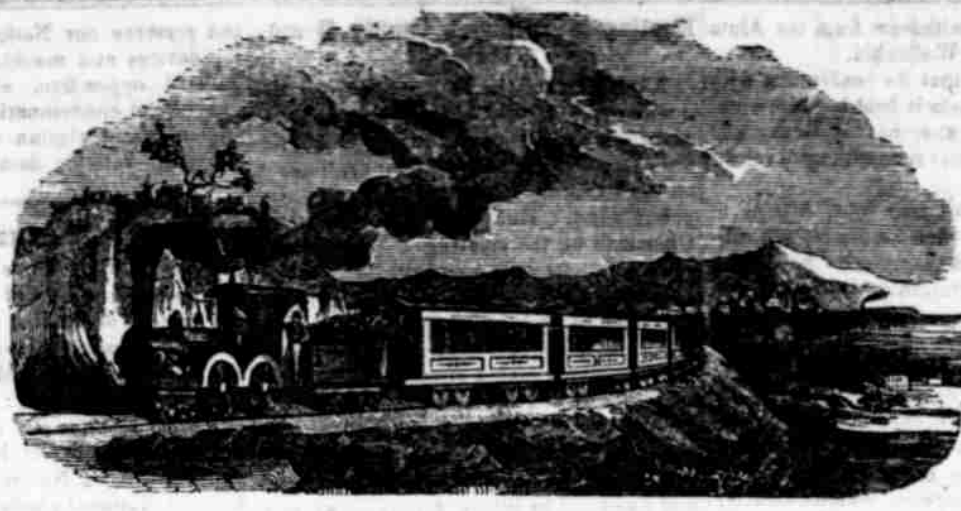


# PLYMOUTH

J. G. ROBINSON AND D. R. LOCKE.



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Number 37

## POETRY.

### APPEAL TO A BACHELOR.

BY JOHN G. SAGE.

"Double Double!—Shakespeare!"  
Dear Charles, be persuaded to wed  
For a sensible fellow like you.  
It's high time to think of a bed,  
And muffs and coffee for two!  
So have done with your doubts and delaying,  
With soul so adapted to mingle,  
No wonder the neighbors are saying  
'Tis singular you should be single!  
Don't say you haven't got time,  
That business demands your attention—  
There's not the least reason for rhyme  
In the wisest excuse you can mention,  
Don't tell me about "other fish,"  
Your duty is done when you buy 'em,—  
And you never will relish the dish,  
Unless you have a woman to fry 'em!  
Don't listen to querulous stories  
By desperate damsels related,  
Who sneer at connubial glories,  
Because they've known couples misstate  
Such people, if they had their pleasure,  
Because silly bargains are made,  
Would deem it a rational measure  
To lay an embargo on trade!  
You may dream of political fame,  
But your wishes may chance to miscarry,  
The best way to send one's name  
To posterity, Charles, is to marry!  
And here I am willing to own,  
After soberly thinking upon it,  
I'd very much rather be known  
By a beautiful son than a sonnet!  
To procrastinate be deaf—  
(A homily sent from above.)  
The soundest's not only "the thief  
Of time," but of beauty and love!  
O, delay not a moment to win  
A prize that is fully worth winning,—  
Celibacy, Charles, is a sin,  
And sadly prolific of sinning.  
Then Charles, bid you doubting good bye,  
And dismiss all fantastic alarms—  
I'll be sworn you've a girl in your eye  
'Tis your duty to have in your arms!  
Some trim little maiden of twenty,  
A beautiful, azure-eyed elf,  
With virtues and graces in plenty,  
And no falling but loving yourself!  
Don't search for an "angel" a minute,  
For granting you win in the sequel,  
The deuce, after all would be in it;  
With a Union so very unequal!  
The angels it must be confessed,  
In this world are very uncommon!  
And allow me, dear Charles, to suggest  
You'll be better content with a woman!  
I could furnish a bushel of reasons  
For choosing a conjugal mate—  
It agrees with all climates and seasons,  
And gives you a "double estate!"  
To one's parent's "his (gratefully) due,"—  
Just think what a terrible thing  
'T would have been, sir, for me and for you,  
If our's had forgotten the ring!  
Then there's the economy—clear,  
By poetical claims shown—  
If your wife has a grief or a fear,  
One half, by the law is your own!  
And as by the joys by division,  
They're nearly quadrupled, 'tis said,  
(Though I never could see the addition  
Quite plain in the item of bread.)  
Remember, I do not pretend  
"There's anything 'perfect' about it!"  
But this I'll aver to the end,  
Life's very imperfect without it!  
'Tis not that there's "poetry" in it,  
As, doubtless there may be to those  
Endowed with a genius to win it—  
But I'll warrant you excellent prose!  
Then, Charles, be persuaded to wed:  
For sensible fellow like you,  
It's high time to think of a bed,  
And muffs and coffee for two;  
So have done with your doubts and delaying,  
With a soul so adapted to mingle,  
No wonder the neighbors are sayin'  
'Tis singular you should live single.  
A gentleman one day last winter was  
looking attentively at some amusing caricatures,  
in the window of a celebrated print-seller,  
when on a sudden he felt some one at his elbow. As there was only one person standing near him, he instantly turned upon him, and looking him full in the face, said, "your hand, sir, was in my pocket." "Was it, sir," the other calmly replied, "I really beg your pardon, if it was; but the weather is so very cold, one is glad to get his hand in anywhere!"  
AN OLD SAYING.—An old writer says that when cannons were introduced as negotiators, the canons of the Church were useless—that the world was governed first by "mitrum" and then by "autrum"—first by St. Peter and then by Salt Peter.

## Miscellaneous.

### SOLOMON SWALLOW, THE WOMAN TAMER.

"Rule a wife, and have a wife"

Solomon was a bachelor, and a rusty one too; but nevertheless he had made up his mind to one thing, that he was the only man living who had acquired any knowledge of the art of taking care of a wife.  
'All married men are dolts,' was Solomon's constant asseveration. 'There, for instance, is my neighbor, Tom Tangible; his wife makes a sort of three-legged stool of him; she moves him in one corner, and then in another, and sits on him and walks on him as if he was nobody in the house, while he, poor man, takes it as easy as though it was the most natural thing in the world. Now that I was only Tom Tangible, I'd first write a series of matrimonial articles, and if Mrs. T. didn't abide by them, I'd submit her to the whole discipline of bread and water and a padlock; and might perhaps, brighten her ideas touching her conjugal duties by the application of a good cowhide. And there again are Ever Easy, Dick Snooks, and a host more of them in the same condition, but I—I'm the boy that will set them all right, if they only follow my example after I have condescended to endow some fortunate female with the legal claim to the title of Mrs. Swallow.'  
Brave Solomon Swallow!  
'Well Solomon,' said a neighbor to him one morning, 'as you are always boasting of your skill in managing a wife, how comes it that you're not married?'  
'Why, because I have not perfected my system! You poked your head into the noose without making any preparation, and hence, Mrs. Everly makes what she likes of you. But I go to work logically, I begin by studying the erudite works of Zingrubaza. 'On the philosophy of woman's holding her tongue.' I then read several treatises on the effect of bread and water discipline in making good wives. Shakespeare's 'Taming the Shrew' furnishes me a few excellent practical lessons. And I am now generalizing all the system into one, which carry the sway in all future generations, and convert the plague of matrimony into a blessing.  
In the course of a year or so, added Solomon, 'My Rules for the Regulation of a Woman' (I intend to publish it) will be completed and then I shall take me a wife.  
And Solomon was as good as his word, for at the age of thirty-five, feeling himself prepared to give battle to any woman in or out of the land of Amazons, he got married. At this important period Solomon was as puffy, comfortable looking a little fellow as you'd meet in a day's walk, for albeit the crown of his head never stood full five feet from the heels of his boots, he was of proportion that would have done honor to an alderman or even a Lord Mayor; and his gait, especially when walking with anything in the likeness of a woman, was as pompous as a Sultan's while at such times his countenance always assumed an expression that could not have brooked the approach of female familiarity. The lady whom Solomon had chosen for his 'worse half,' was apparently a lamb like creature, so that the chances were very fair that she would not only be a tractable wife, but that Solomon would require no help for his system to make her so.  
Now Solomon had the forbearance not to interfere with his lady, or her sayings and doings on the night of wedding, nor is recorded that he assumed special authority on the next night either; but about six o'clock the next morning, he softly insinuated his sleeping partner that it was time to get up.  
'And,' he added, 'when breakfast is ready, you may call me, but be sure not to burn the toast.'  
'Breakfast and toast,' said Mrs. Swallow, 'why, what do you mean?'  
'Why, my dear—I mean, madam, that I have begun my system.'  
'And won't you get up too?'  
'Yes when breakfast is ready and my stockings aired.'  
Mrs. Swallow was about to reply, but she checked herself, as she was ashamed to say much to him on so short an acquaintance; but though in the present instance she did precisely as she was bid, she resolved in her heart that it was the last time she would get up at six in the morning to prepare breakfast.  
At eight o'clock everything being ready Mrs. Swallow called Mr. Swallow.  
'Breakfast is ready, Mr. Swallow.'  
'Is the toast made?'  
'Yes.'  
'Not burned?'  
'No.'  
'Are my stockings aired?'  
'Yes.'  
'You'll do,' quoth Mr. Swallow, and in breakfast he went, having received the services of the blushing Mrs. Swallow to assist him in dressing.  
'The breakfast however did not turn out to be the thing that it had been cranked up for. The toast was done a little too much,

and the tea wa'n't done quite enough; the slop bowl was at the wrong end of the table tray, and there were several crumbs on the carpet.  
'The servant hasn't been here this morning,' observed Mrs. Swallow.  
'Servant!' returned Solomon, 'I discharged her yesterday. You don't think I can afford to keep a servant and a wife too!'  
The lady again was pored, and she said, nothing but the day wore to its close before she could bring herself to the belief that Mr. Swallow had actually made use of the word 'servant' and 'wife' in the same sentence.  
The next morning at six o'clock, Mr. Swallow again informed his wife that it was time to get up, crumpling the remark with the suggestion that in the future she must save him the trouble of reminding her of so necessary a duty.  
Mrs. Swallow, however, benefited nothing by this soft insinuation, for at the moment she either was, or pretended to be, fast locked in the arms of Morpheus.  
'Don't you hear, Mrs. Swallow?' quoth Solomon.  
But alas! a slight consciousness was the only response from Mrs. Swallow.  
Now this was a ticklish point with Solomon, but he was prepared for it. 'What says my system on this head?' said he to himself musingly. 'It says that a lazy wife who lies abed in the morning may be very properly reminded of her duty by the judicious application of a coercion pin.' And this magnificent idea had scarcely crossed the threshold of his brain, when he inserted the point of a huge pin in the right arm of the sleeper. As might be expected the intended effect instantly followed the cause, for the astonished Mrs. Swallow sprang from the bed as though she had been thrown from it by an earthquake! But alas! her agility was not strikingly manifested, for she not only almost annihilated poor Solomon in rolling over him, but she dashed his patent lever to the wall, and broke the dial into a thousand pieces.  
'What a dreadful dream,' ejaculated Mrs. Swallow, pressing her left hand on her wounded arm.  
'What a dreadful reality,' shouted Mr. Swallow, contemplating the fragile ruins of his demolished time-piece.  
Here we pass over the interval between this occurrence and the time when the happy pair in question were seated at breakfast.  
'Now, Mrs. Swallow,' said Solomon, seeing that I can't awaken to call you up in the morning, or eat turned toast, or drink raw tea, etc., it is time I should begin to instruct you in your duties.'  
'And what are those, Mr. Swallow?'  
'Be silent, madam, if you please; not to talk, but listen, is one of the most important of them.'  
'Proceed, sir.'  
And Mr. Swallow looked daggers at her for a second interruption proceeded:  
'From six till eight, you are to get up, dress quietly, so as to create no disturbance, light fire, air clothing and stockings, sweep rooms, prepare breakfast, and announce the perfection thereof. Eight till ten, wash tea things, make beds, rub furniture and clean windows. Ten to twelve, go to market and prepare dinner. Twelve till two to devote to dish washing, sweeping up and rubbing furniture. Two to six spinning, mending clothes, and darning stockings. Seven, tea. From that time till nine, a second course of mending and darning, and then go to bed. And this daily, course, madam, with a strict observance of the rules of civility, frugality, decorum, and obedience, may, in time, enable you to do honor to the choice of Mr. Solomon Swallow.'  
Mrs. Swallow listened quietly to the end, and then mildly inquired.  
'And do you really expect this of me, Mr. Swallow?'  
'To be sure I do,' responded her spouse.  
'Then you'll be sadly disappointed, for I do no such thing.'  
'No.'  
'I've a way to make you.'  
'How?'  
'Spoon diet, locks, chains and cowhide.'  
'Mr. Swallow?'  
'What?'  
'You're a brute!' and Mrs. Swallow threw herself back, and looked desperate.  
Now this was a climax. Mr. Swallow was called a brute at his own fire-side, and by his own wife, which was the worst of all. He, Solomon Swallow, the celebrated founder of a system of matrimonial observation, called a brute, and by no less a person than Mrs. Swallow. At first he was so astonished at such open manifestations of rebellion of his royal will, that he only looked aghast; but when he came to himself, he saw that something must be done at once; or the field was lost forever.  
'You called me a brute, Mrs. Swallow.'  
'I did, Mr. Swallow.'  
'A brute!'  
'A brute!'  
'I'll go mad and break things, Mrs. Swallow.'

'As you like sir.'  
And Mr. Swallow did go mad, but he had a method in his madness, for he seized the cheapest article of delf that was on the table (an old plate with a crack in it), and dashed it into a thousand pieces on the hearth, as if he was in a tremendous passion.  
'How do you like that, Mrs. Swallow?'  
'Vasly, Mr. Swallow, try it again!'  
And again he did try, (for he had become desperate), and demolished the cream jug.  
'Now,' said the lady, it is my turn; and jumping up she sent the slop bowl to keep company with its tea companions.  
This was, of course too much for Solomon; he snapped asunder the last remaining cord of the little reason he had left, and he sailed his helpmate—we use the word in its most positive sense—on her right cheek, but scarcely had the echo of the blow melted into silence, ere the indignant dame seized the tea pot and shivered it to atoms against the head of the devoted Mr. Swallow. Nor was this all, for as he was rolling heels over head from the effect of the awful collision, she plied the remainder of the tea traps until there was scarcely a bone in his body which had not echoed to the shock of cups and saucers, and rounds of butter and toast.  
Unable to carry on the war any longer that day, Solomon gathered himself up as well as he could, and, vowing vengeance, he stuck his pipe in his mouth, his hands in his pocket, and then commenced whistling a jig to the tune of the old cow died, looking as if he could bite a piece off the griddle, without setting his teeth on edge. His good lady, too, being determined to follow the example of her lord and master in other matter besides the self-breaking, placed another chair back to back with Solomon's, and after providing herself with a novel, as if there was no such thing as beds to make or stockings to mend, in all Christendom.  
Here this affectionate couple sat for six mortal hours, each bent upon setting the other down, ruminating the while upon their relative position. But it must confessed that Mrs. Swallow had the best of the bargain, for independent Solomon's mangled head, parboiled neck and shoulders, he saw as clear as mud, that the watch dial and the crockery must be replaced; so that the reducing of the first chap or in his voluminous system to practice must be attended with an outlay of at least twenty dollars. This being the case I might as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb, thought he, and with that he softly rose from his chair, stole softly from the room, and turned the key upon the gentle Mrs. Swallow.  
'Open the door this instant, Mr. Swallow.'  
'Not until I have kept you here seven days upon bread and water,' returned the victorious Solomon, as he went his way rejoicing.  
But alas! how fleeting is human greatness—in about half an hour he returned to see how matters were going, but scarcely put his eyes to the key hole, when he began roaring like a bull, for Mrs. Swallow had torn every one of his linen shirts (that on his back excepted) into pieces to make a rope to let herself down from the window; nor was this all, for upon further examination, he discovered that she had also thrown a variety of chair cushions, bed linen, &c., into the dirty yard, to make her descent safe.  
'O, chop fallen Solomon Swallow?'  
The archives of the Swallow are silent as to the remaining occurrences of the eventful day, but on the very next morning, about seven o'clock, Mr. Swallow popped his head from under the blanket, and said, 'Mrs. Swallow, dear, isn't it time to get up?'  
'Yes, returned the lady, 'and you may call me when you have lit the fire, and put on the kettle.'  
Poor Solomon! There was no alternative. So he sat about his work with an alacrity which showed that he had the terror of a broken head and demolished body linen running strongly in his memory. In short, Solomon was a conquered man. That he had to prepare breakfast, sweep the room, etc. The next, his assistance was required in the rubbing of furniture, and the making of beds; and, before the end of the week was initiated into the mystery of washing towels.  
Degenerate Solomon Swallow! Nay, in after times when the Swallows began to gather about him, it is whispered that his better half used to employ him at yet more deeply conjugal offices.  
About five years after the celebration of his nuptials, a friend called to see him. 'You must go with me to the theatre, Mr. Swallow,' said a friend.  
'He shan't,' said Mrs. Swallow.  
'He must,' said the friend, 'and so must you.'  
'I may, but he can't,' replied the dame, 'for he must stop at home with the children.'  
And Mrs. Swallow did go to play, and Solomon stopped at home.  
O, hen-pecked Solomon Swallow!  
The moral authentic tale is that bache-

lor's wives and old Maid's children are always excellent in theory, but as bad as can be in practice—and that a managed wife is better than no wife at all. Had Solomon only treated his better half decently in the beginning, things might have gone on smoothly to the end, but as it was, he compelled her to be a Tartar in her own defence; he had to take the consequence.  
A GROWING TASTE FOR LUXURY.  
Even the most careless observer must have been struck with the increasing taste for luxury among all classes. Within the last three or four years especially, expensive habits, not to say extravagance, have advanced with rapid strides. But when a retrospective glance, instead of being carried back only a few years, is extended to half a generation, the disparity between past economy and present luxury becomes still more striking.  
We are not now alluding to exaggerated and rare examples, but to families generally, and all conditions of life. Within a few years each grade of expenditure has assumed the habits of that immediately above it. Thus the journeyman mechanic furnishes his house as well as the small trader did, the small trader as well as the capitalist, the ordinary capitalist as well as the millionaire. Where once ragged carpets were used, tapestry is now employed; where tapestry was considered good enough, only velvet will do. In the same way walnut has taken the place of rose wood, and hair seating to brocade. Curtains of lace have supplanted Venetian blinds, as Venetian blinds have succeeded paper shades. This growing extravagance runs through the entire family expenditure. Some discontinue to live in houses which their fathers occupied; daughters scorn to have their parlors furnished as plainly as those of their mothers; and young married people generally, in their household appointments, are not content unless they begin where their parents left off. The taste for splendour, and for costly entertainments, is particularly striking. In illustration of this, we may notice that the imports of French silks and wines, for several years past, have steadily increased. In 1852 the wines brought into the country were valued in round numbers, at five and a half millions of dollars; in 1853 the value of wines imported was more than seven millions and three quarters. This was an increase, it will be seen, of nearly fifty per cent.  
The whole value of silks and liquors imported for 1853 was forty millions of dollars. In that year the Parisian goods bought by Americans were not less than twenty-two millions or more than the railroad iron for the same year, heavy as that item was. Silks and liquors are pre-eminently, however, articles of luxury. The expensive habits of this nation have, therefore, reached a high pitch, when a population of 25,000,000 spends forty millions of dollars on articles of foreign luxury alone.  
The question is whether the country can afford this or not. If the latter, then the expenditure is extravagance; if the former, it is only a liberal, and not an injurious outlay. Undoubtedly, the nation has been steadily increasing in wealth ever since the dark days of 1840; and has especially thriven since the discovery of California, and the influx of the consequent harvest of gold. Most varieties of manufactured fabrics, meantime, have decreased in value. As compared with the past year, we grant, many descriptions of goods are higher; but if a comparison of a few years is made, they are cheaper still. In nearly every business the aggregate profits have exhibited an increase. The very fact that people spend money more freely enlarges the demand for every thing; and this gives additional vitality to all sorts of trades, and all varieties of manufactures. It is difficult to draw a line, under such circumstances, and say where extravagance begins. What would have been wasteful expenditure ten years ago, is such no longer. It is possible, indeed, that luxury has increased faster than wealth. But we do not think that the excess, if any, is as great as superficial observers suppose.  
A large elephant attached to a Menagerie, while on the way, to Fall River R. I., got beyond the control of his keepers and killed three horses on the road, smashed the wagons, and seriously injured two men, who were in the wagons. The elephant was finally captured near Blades Ferry and taken to Fall River.  
A FATHER'S ADVICE.—Jeems, my son, keep away from the girls. Ven you see one comin', dodge. Jist sich a critter as that young 'un cleanin' the door on the other side of the street, fooled your poor old daddy, Jeemsy. If it had'n't been for her, you and your dadd might have been in Calafory, huntin' diamonds my son.

The difference between a watch and a man is, that the winding of one set it going and the same operation performed on the other causes him to stop.  
ADDRESS  
Of the State Temperance Executive Committee to the People of Ohio.  
The undersigned, feeling that the present is an epoch in the history of the Temperance Reformation in Ohio, requiring more than ordinary judgment and caution, in order to know the right, have, after calm, and so far as they are able to give it, mature deliberation, concluded to throw their mite into the scale, hoping it may aid in some measure in causing a preponderance of the right end of the balance. We lay no claim to superior wisdom nor knowledge, but having been placed by our fellow temperance men in a somewhat conspicuous position, we have concluded it would perhaps not be considered egotistical for us to volunteer our advice. If we are mistaken in this, the only apology we have to offer is, the interest we feel in the cause.  
It is not to be expected that so large a body as the "Temperance Men" of Ohio, can agree at all times on the best means of prosecuting the holy war in which they are engaged; but it should certainly be the aim of all, to prevent misunderstanding upon legal measures. Believing this, we regret exceedingly to see any difference of opinion relative to the expediency of enforcing the laws for the suppression of intemperance passed at the late session of the Legislature. We would present for the consideration of all good citizens, the following, as a few of the reasons that have brought us to the conclusions at which we have arrived.  
An the first place, we hold it to be the duty of all good citizens to do all they can to aid in the enforcement of every law of the land. It certainly does not require much, if any argument, to convince a reasonable person, that all laws should be enforced. If found inefficient or impracticable, let them be repealed, which they always will be as soon as either of these facts is shown by actual trial; but so long as they remain on the statute book, let no man disregard them.  
As to the particular laws referred to, here seem to be several reasons why they should be enforced, but before giving them, permit us to allude to the popular queries, "What are the temperance men going to do?" "Why don't you enforce the law?" This appears to the committee to be, not only exceedingly illiberal, but very mean and cowardly. We asked for a law with the leading features of the 'Maine Law,' promising to enforce it if they would but give us a chance; but instead they gave us a totally different law—one that suits them—and ask us, may demand of us, that we shall enforce it. It does appear to us that common honesty would dictate that those who passed and advocated such a law as we now have should go to work and enforce it, and not call upon those to do it whom they knew and still know to be very doubtful of its efficiency; more especially is this so, when they claim to be just as much in favor of stopping the liquor traffic as we are.  
But some of the special reasons why we think an attempt should be made to enforce these laws are the following:  
1st. The principles admitted in them. The act "to provide against the evils resulting from the sale of intoxicating liquors" makes it absolutely unlawful to sell "intoxicating liquors" as usually sold; that is, to drink in, upon, or about the building or premises where sold.  
2d. It makes it "unlawful" to sell to a minor for any purpose, without the written order of their parents, guardians, or family physician.  
3d. It makes it unlawful to sell to persons intoxicated, or who are in the habit of getting intoxicated.  
4th. It makes it unlawful to get intoxicated, and  
5th. And most important of all, it makes "all places where intoxicating liquors are sold in violation of" law, "common nuisances." It is thus seen that the act covers much of the ground contended for by temperance men. Two very important points are gained, and will not have to be fought for again. Our Legislature has declared it unlawful to sell intoxicating liquors as a beverage, and that grub-shops are nuisances that ought to be abated.  
But the act also renders liquor-sellers liable to prosecution for the damages resulting from the sale, and holds the property where sold liable for penalties and costs.  
The act "to prevent the adulteration of Alcoholic Liquors," also contains very important provisions.  
1st. It provides that none but pure liquors shall be sold.  
2d. It provides that none shall be sold without inspection, under penalty of fine and imprisonment.  
3d. It authorizes the seizure and confiscation of impure liquors, which covers the whole ground contended for by 'Maine Law' men, so far as the principle is concerned.  
These prominent and important principles have been admitted by an anti-Maine Law Legislature, we feel sure that no retraction of any of them can soon be effected. They are fixed upon our statute book.

We also think the laws referred to should be enforced for the reason that there is good in them. They are not what we wanted; not what we are striving for; not what we think it will be found necessary to have; but they are a great advance on anything that has preceded them and if put in force would go a great way to rid the State of drunkenness. This is perhaps, admitted by most persons, but can they be enforced? This is a question that cannot be settled in the public mind by argument. Nothing short of actual experiment will satisfy the public. But if, on trial, they are proven defective, we can, with confidence, and as we think without fear of being denied, ask for such amendments as may be needed.  
For these reasons, we earnestly call upon all good citizens to aid by every means in their power, in their enforcement. We call upon you, not as Sons of Temperance, or Templars, or members of any other organization, but as citizens having an interest in your fellow man, and the public welfare, to give your influence, your time and your money, if needed, not stealthily nor grudgingly, but cheerfully, and fearlessly; and not only the blessings of the drunkard and his family, but of all good men and angels, will rest upon you.  
L. G. VANSLYKE,  
JOHN B. THOMPSON,  
J. SCHMUCKER,  
PETER SELLS,  
C. V. CULVER,  
JOHN J. JANNEY,  
WARREN JENKINS,  
A. S. FELCH,  
MESSRS. BARKER.  
Precocious.—They do have smart girls in the Buckeye State. Here is one of them. A conductor on the road from Cincinnati to Hamilton saw a nice little girl in the cars, who he supposed came under the rate of half price for children, and returned her half the amount tendered, with a remark to that effect.  
'Half fare—ha, he! Why you don't take me for a girl?'  
'Certainly, Miss, unless your looks belie you very much.'  
'Well, then, if they do, I am married; and that isn't all—I've got a baby six months old.'  
'Excuse me, madam, but it strikes me, that, whatever I may be to day, you are full up to the time table, if not a little ahead. I'll take the full fare, and no charge for the baby.'—N. Y. Tribune.  
A BEAUTIFUL INCIDENT.—A naval officer being at sea in a dreadful storm, his wife was sitting in the cabin near him, and filled with alarm for the safety of the vessel, was so surprised at his composure and serenity, that she cried out:  
'My dear are you not afraid? How is it possible you are so calm in such a dreadful storm?'  
He rose from his chair, drew his sword and pointed it at the breast of his wife, and exclaimed—  
'Are you not afraid?'  
She instantly answered "No."  
'Why?'  
'Because,' rejoined the wife, 'I know that this sword is in the hand of my husband and he loves me too well to hurt me.'  
'Then,' said he, 'remember I know in whom I believe, and he who holds the winds in his fist, and the water in the hollow of his hand is my father.'  
The N. Y. Tribune, in an article upon the spirit rappings, says: 'The "spirits" appear to have a great deal more leisure than we have, and often squander an evening in imparting little or nothing, which they might (so far as we see) have communicated in half an hour. Now our life is a busy one, and we can't afford to give hour for hour with personages to whom time seems to be no object.'  
'SHALL WE HAVE A NORTH?—Braintree, Mass., Eagle.  
As long as we have, in this region, as Baron Steuben used to say we had, 'Nine months winter, and three months of cold weather,' we probably shall have a North.—Vermont Patriot.  
The girl's think of hymen, and can't help sighing. When their lovers forsake them, they can't help crying. They sit at the windows, and can't help spying. They screw up their noses, bring on consumption, and can't help dying.  
The fellow who kissed the face of Nature, says it didn't go half so well as the kisses of some of his lady friends.  
When has a man a right to scold his wife about his coffee? When he has more than sufficient grounds.  
Tommy, how's all your folks? All well but Groucher—he's got the how-wowal complaint.  
The fellow who was treated with contempt says it isn't half so good as being gundy.  
Is there any harm in a fellow's sitting down in the lap of ages?